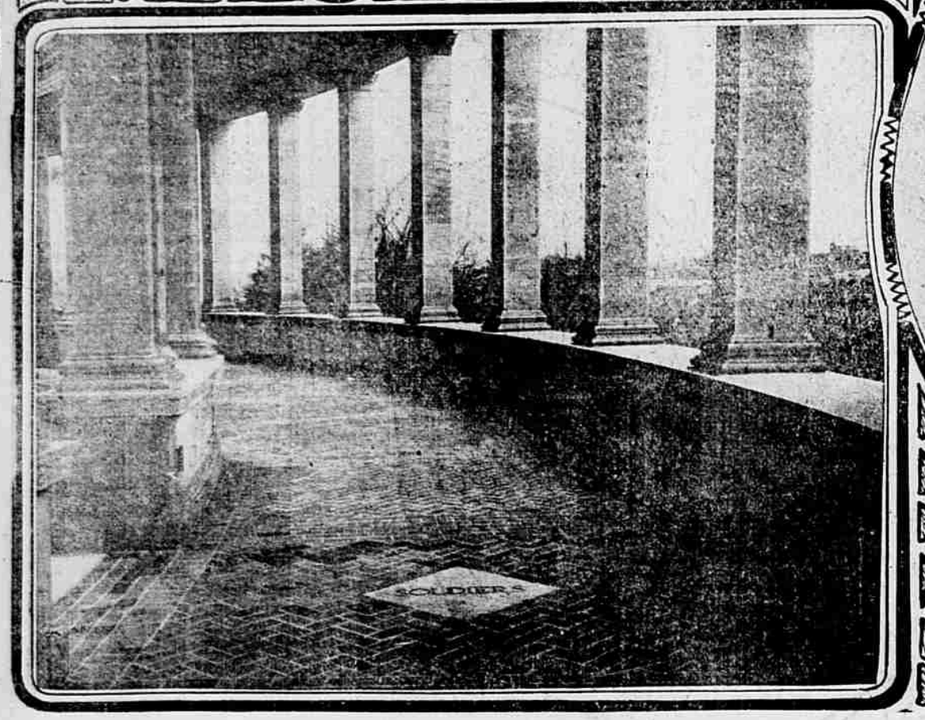
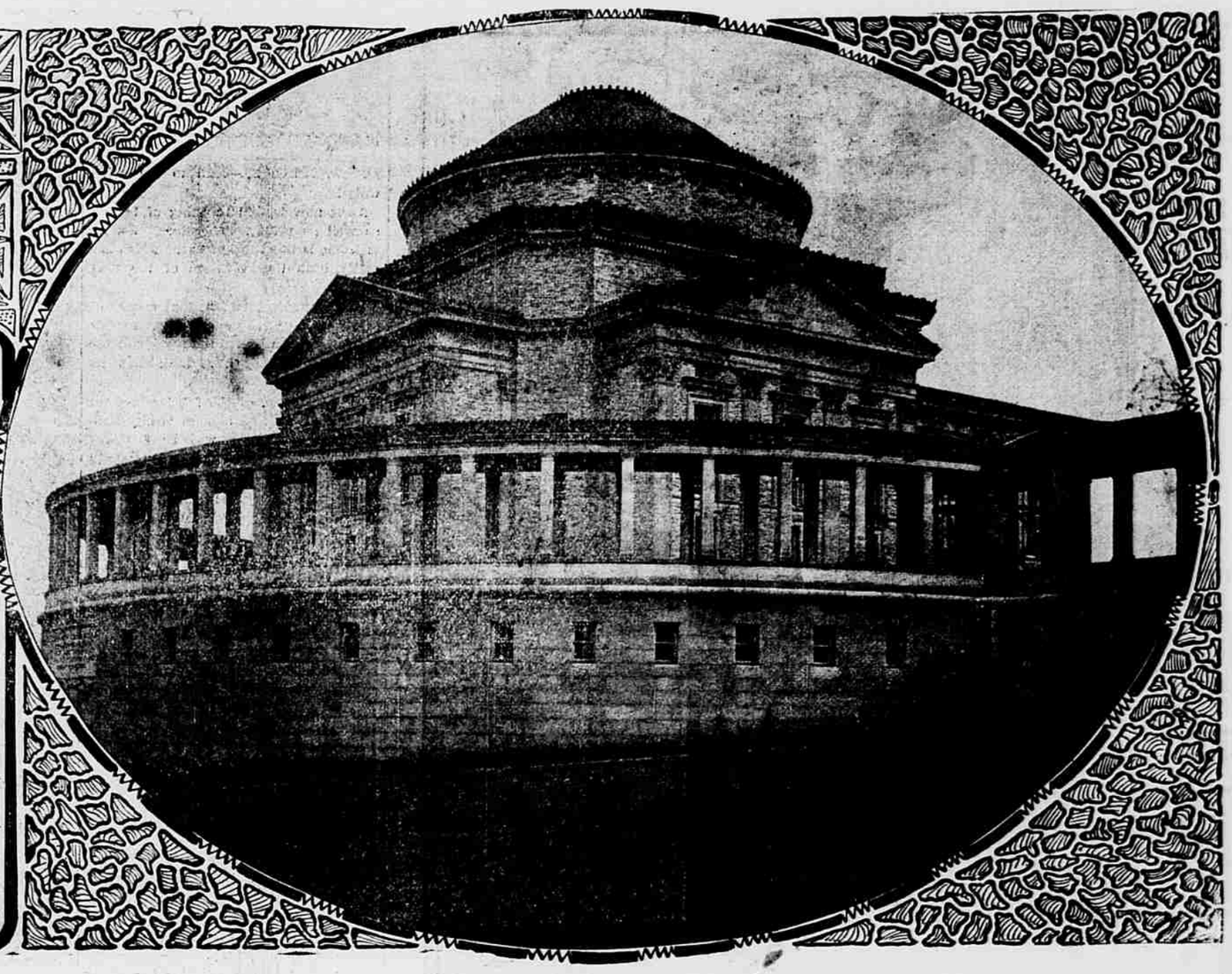
The Hall Of Fame.





The Building in Which the Names of Men of Great Achievement Will Be Inscribed.

On May 30 the Hall of Fame on University Heights in New York will be formally opened. This is the only institution in America for the sole purpose of perpetuating the names of those who have become famous through arts, sciences and by deeds of personal achievement. The memorials of the Hall of Fame will consist largely of plates inscribed with the names of the persons who have been selected as worthy of the honor of having their names perpetuated, giving the date of birth and death and the deed which brought them the greatest honor.

While the full scope has not yet been determined, it is the intention, not quite developed, to add to the plates statuary, together with representations of the work that has been accomplished by those whose names are handed down to fame.

Most notable among the contributors to the funds necessary to build the Hall of Fame and properly equip it for its purpose is Miss Helen Gould. The selection of the names is the result of the combined wisdom of a committee of notable men appointed for the purpose. They have performed their task so well, thus far, that there has been no complaint made.

Architecturally, the Hall of Fame is considered a very handsome structure and worthy of its purpose. It is located on the grounds of the University of New York, old King's College, whose name has been woven in with that of Manhattan since the days when Father Knickerbocker ruled the land. Its site is a long distance from that occupied by the original King's College, for it is located near Fordham, north of the Harlem River.

w Sheep Are Frozen by the Millions in ew Zealand for the London Markets.

Importance of the Turnip Crop—The Biggest Woolen Mill Below the Equator.

al Correspondence of The Sunday Republic.

ristchurch, New Zealand, March 3.—
Zealand is the chief meat-freezing
ntry of the world and Christchurch is
mutton metropolis. It is a city of more
50,000 people, situated near the sea
he Canterbury Plains, where they raise
sheep to the acre than anywhere else,
country leads all others in its product
utton. Millions of sheep are frozen
every year for the tables of England,
great fleet of steamers is always
g back and forth across the equator
the oceans, carrying this product to
n. The distance via the Straits of
lan is more than 12,000 miles. It is
rther by the Cape of Good Hope or
sthmus of Suez, but nevertheless the
ts are such that the mutton can be
t a lower price than that raised in
d itself.

t do you think it costs to raise
away down here below the equator
liver them to the English butchers
all parties can make a fair profit?
7 cents a pound! The New Zealand
makes money by selling his sheep
factory at 4 cents a pound; and the
cents suffices to pay for the killing,
ressing and freezing, and all the
ght charges and handling between here
d London. I doubt whether mutton can
e produced at this cost in either the United States or Great Britain.

The Sheep Farms of New Zealand.

But first let me give you some idea of New Zealand's sheep industry. It is the one out of which the country makes the most money. New Zealand now has about 20,000,000 sheep, or enough to give every man, woman and child a flock of twenty-five and have thousands to spare. It has almost half as many as we have in the United States, and its product of wool is proportionately much greater than ours. It gets an annual income of $23,000,000 out of its exports of wool, and in addition receives more than $5,000,000 for frozen mutton, $1,500,000 for its tallow and more than that amount for sheep skins and rabbit skins.

There are sheep farms to be seen everywhere. I have visited many of them during my tour through the islands. They are much better kept than similar properties in the United States, being divided up into large fields fenced with wire and often carefully cultivated.

Many of the holdings are large. The average flock at present contains about a thousand sheep. There are 2,700 men who have each between 500 and 1,000, and there are 2,000 farmers who each own from 1,000 to 5,000 sheep. There are more than 200 who have from 5,000 to 10,000, and 140 who each own flocks of 20,000 or upward. The tendency just now is toward small flocks. The farmers have found it pays to raise sheep for mutton, and the day will soon come when every farmer will have his own flock of sheep.

Mutton vs. Wool.

In Australia the sheep are reared chiefly for their wool. Here they are reared both for wool and mutton. The weather is such that they can feed out of doors all the year round, thus saving the expense of barns or stables. On the larger estates the total expenses are not more than $1 per sheep, and the annual increase of the flock from 80 to 100 per cent of the number of ewes.

Sheep farming in New Zealand is managed upon scientific principles. The people have studied the breeds and have selected those which will produce the most wool and the best mutton. The chief breeds are the Lincolns, the Merinos, the Leicesters, the Shropshires, the Southdowns and the Romney Marsh. Each of these breeds have special localities. The Merinos thrive best on the wild lands and hills, the Lincolns and Romney Marsh on the moist soil and the Leicesters on the dry plains. The best mutton sheep are cross breeds; they are known as freezers.

How to Get Blood Out of a Turnip.

It is an old expression that it is hard to get blood out of a turnip. The New Zealanders have discovered how to do it. They use their sheep to grind up turnips, and the result is the blood which makes meat which sells for millions of dollars. In fact, every good chop you eat here is half turnips. The people tell me that turnip-fed sheep produce the best mutton. In buying a sheep farm the first question asked is whether the land will raise turnips, and if so the price is much higher than otherwise. New Zealand has more than 400,000 acres of turnips. Turnip fields are to be seen on every landscape, and they often form a striking feature. The crop grows luxuriantly, and before the sheep are let in it forms a bed of bright green. Later on, when the sheep have had their first chance at it, the green has all disappeared, and in its place there is an expanse of black soil covered with white balls set out in rows. The field looks as though it had been plowed and sown with billiard balls.

You see the sheep biting the balls. They eat them out of the ground, digging away until every root has disappeared. In some cases the turnips are dug up by the farmer and fed in the pasture to the sheep.

The Question of Wages.

Labor is high in New Zealand, and everything is done to cut down expenses. On the large estates the sheep are kept in enormous fields, so that a few hands suffice to care for a large flock. The shepherds put in about ten hours, except at harvest time, when they work from daylight to dark. Their wages are higher than those of the United States. In the busiest parts of the year they receive from 18 to 25 cents an hour, and in many cases their employers add to this a present at the close of the season. I met one man who told me he gave each of his hands $50 when the hardest of the work was done.

The shearing usually begins in September and lasts until January. It is done by the piece, being performed by professional shearers, who get from 4 to 4½ cents a sheep. There are men who can shear more than 100 sheep in a day, and not a few make their $5 per diem. The wool clips vary greatly according to the breeds. The merinos range all the way from four to seven pounds each, while the Leicesters will average ten pounds and the Lincolns about eleven pounds. There are sheep which each produce from twenty to thirty pounds of wool at a clip, but these are exceptions.

A Warning to Belgian Hare Raisers.

The craze which is running over the United States as to Belgian hares should be stopped, for they may become as great a pest as the rabbits are here. Rabbits were introduced into New Zealand as pets and with the idea that they might furnish meat. They increased so rapidly that they soon overran the whole country. They ate up the pastures, and millions of dollars have since been spent in killing them or in fencing them out of the sheep lands. Of late a large industry has grown up in trapping them for their skins and in freezing the carcasses for shipment to London. There are men here who make a business of rabbit-trapping and rabbit-buying. I see crates of rabbits at almost every railroad station, and I am told that about 11,000,000 pounds of frozen rabbits are annually shipped from New Zealand to London. In one year 17,000,000 rabbit skins were exported and such exports now bring in several hundred thousand dollars annually. Frozen rabbits are shipped with the fur on, and they are I doubt not often sold as fresh from the warrens of the English nobility.

In a Big Freezing Factory.

But let us go to one of the factories and see just how they prepare this New Zealand mutton for the tables of London. New Zealand has twenty-one meat-freezing establishments, and the largest and oldest of all is here at Christchurch. It is known as the Belfast freezing works, having a capital of $500,000, upon which it pays dividends of 8 per cent. It is a co-operative institution, the sheep owners being the principal stockholders. It gives them a market for their sheep, working entirely on commission. The sheep are driven or shipped to the factory. They are there killed, frozen, put upon ships and delivered to the butchers of London at a fixed charge of a penny a pound, and all profits above this go back to the farmers. The factory kills about 5,000 sheep every day, shipping on the average more than a half million carcasses a year.

We take a carriage and ride out to the works. They are within a few miles of Christchurch. The buildings consist of great sheds surrounded by paddocks filled with sheep ready for killing, and drying yards, which at first sight seem covered with snow, but which as we get closer we see are spotted with great piles of newly washed wool. We are first taken to the sheep yards and watch the men drive the animals up a passageway to the killing department on the second floor. This driving is done by means of decoys. There are several old sheep which are used day after day and year after year as the advance guard to lead their brothers to slaughter. They start the procession, and the thousands behind, sheeplike, follow them. Often 10,000 sheep pass up that roadway in one day.

In the Killing-Rooms.

We follow the sheep into the building. The killing-room is several hundred feet long. It is a great hall walled with pens, each holding twenty sheep. The pens face a central aisle in which stand the butchers. The sheep are killed at the rate of ten every minute. The butchers are very expert. They drag out the animals and with their knives kill them so quickly that they do not even kick. One man has been known to kill 230 sheep in a day, but the usual average per hour is nine sheep for each man.

After killing a sheep the butcher hangs it upon a hook behind him, strips off the skin, cuts off the head, dresses it and washes it down with hot water. This is done so quickly that it takes only seven minutes from the time the live sheep is picked up until it is ready for freezing.

When a sheep is finished the butcher gives it a shove and the pulley to which it is hooked, running by gravity on a little steel track, carries it off to the cooling room. From now on it is not handled until it is ready for shipment. The work is done so rapidly that there is a long stream of carcasses steadily flowing out of the butcher shop into the cooling-room and later on from there down to the freezing chambers.

In the Freezing Chambers.

After having been cooled forty-eight hours, that the animal heat may go out of them, the carcasses, being weighed as they go, take another trip on their pulleys into the freezing chambers. There are a dozen of these, each having a storage capacity of about 100,000 sheep. Each chamber covers one-fifth of an acre, and if you will imagine a good-sized city lot inclosed in walls of frozen brine coated with snow and filled with carcasses of mutton hanging down from the ceiling so near one another that they almost touch you may have some idea of a freezing chamber.

Suppose we enter. How cold it is! The temperature is 8 degrees above zero. The sheep put in three days ago are already as hard as stone. Tap one of the carcasses. The sound is like a tap on a drum head. Take one down and rest it on the floor, it is so stiff that it stands alone. It feels like ice. My fingers freeze as I take notes and we are glad to get out.

We now go on into the chambers in which the frozen mutton is stored. They are equally cold. The carcasses have been put into bags of white cotton and they are stacked up like cord wood. They are now ready for the ship and the cars will carry them down to the harbor. They will be thrown into troughlike chutes and will slide down into the hold, not to come out of the ship until they are landed in London.

The By-Products.

After a look at the freezing machinery, which the manager tells us is American, we go on to other branches of the establishment to see the by-products. In one place they are canning sheep tongues to be shipped all over the world. The output is about 5,000 tongues a day and the tongues sell for 20 cents a can in one-pound cans. The cooking is done in great vats in which the water is kept hot by steam pipes. The white tongues bob up and down in the boiling water, and the bare-armed men take them out from time to time with pitchforks and put others in their places.

In another room we see them rendering fat, in another they are taking care of the sheepheads and in others they are pulling wool from the skins and spreading it out to dry. A curious department is that where the blood and bones are turned into fertilizer. The blood is roasted in a great cylinder several hundred feet long. On the floor of the factory is a pile of blood as big as a small haystack. It smells like ammonia, and our eyes water as we look. This blood is very valuable for manure. For a long time it went to waste in most of the factories of New Zealand, when a couple of Americans came down and made a contract for the product. The New Zealanders soon saw that they were getting rich out of their blood money, and they concluded to have the profit themselves, so when the time came for the renewal of the contract they refused, and now this and the other by-products of the factory pay, I am told, about all of the expenses of its operation and management.

Among the Factory Hands.

As we walk through the works I ask the manager to give me some idea of wages. He replies that they range from $1.50 a day upward, and that for a day of eight hours. The men come to the factory at 8 a. m. and they leave at 5 p. m., taking an hour off for dinner. They have in addition to this what are called smokers. These are recesses of ten minutes twice a day for a smoke. The foreman fixes the time, which is usually at 10 o'clock in the morning and 3 in the afternoon. These smoke recesses are common in all New Zealand factories.

As far as I can see, the men seem contented with their jobs. Many of them own little cottages near the works, the average workingman's house being worth about $250. The manager tells us that if a man is ordinarily economical he can pay for his home in five years and that most of the men accumulate money. He tells us that the factory insures the lives of its employes upon such terms that if they are killed while on duty their heirs will receive from $1,500 to $2,500, according to the amount of their policies.

You people of the United States look upon New Zealand as a half-savage country. You think it may perhaps have some good farms and sheep ranches, but I venture you have never considered it a land of great factories. These people have woolen mills which would be considered large in New England. They make as fine cloths as the best mills of Great Britain, although their mills have to be protected by the tariff in order to live. At Kaipoi, near Christchurch, there is a woolen factory employing 600 hands. It is the largest woolen mill below the equator, and it makes every variety of goods, from knit underclothing to the finest of ladies' dress goods. The mill takes the wool in bales of 400 pounds each just as it comes from the backs of the sheep. It is sorted according to fineness, for the hair on sheep varies as much as that on man, some being as fine as the hair of a baby and some as coarse as the wool of a negro.

Next it is washed and scoured by machinery, then dried and then dyed. It is next treated to a bath of olive oil to soften the fiber and then carded and combed and twisted into ropes and retwisted by the spinning jenny until each rope becomes a thread so small that it will go through the eye of a needle. It is now wound upon bobbins and then woven into cloth, just as in the best woolen mills all the world over. The machinery is the latest and the product of the first quality.

This mill employs many girls. They are healthy, rosy-cheeked and well dressed; they are well bred and well educated. Hundreds of them ride to and from their work upon bicycles. They work eight hours a day, their wages being about $7.50 a week, more or less.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

MRS. ROY L. THOMPSON,
One of the charming young matrons of Little Rock, Ark.

Golden Opportunities for the Young Woman of To-Day.

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.

In the choice of occupation young men are more strongly influenced by what people will say than even young women, says Mrs. Clement Farley in the Ledger Monthly. Many and many a really gifted lad will turn away from a mechanical trade in which he would advance rapidly, and perhaps make improvements important to every one's comfort, in order to take a clerical position needing neither brains nor invention, and in which his talents are of no use. I have seen men measuring ribbons who could have been stalwart, vigorous and brilliant mechanics, simply because to learn a trade meant rough work, rough clothes and many a day of dirty toil in a guise which might make senseless people look down upon them.

There are trades open to young women, in which they not only would be experts, but could add largely to the comfort of others, which will never be filled because they would be either laughed at or perhaps set aside by unreasoning and weak-minded companions. For instance, there are many girls who have great judgment and skill in cooking, who could earn easily $40 a month, and even if very clever, $60 or $70, who would rather stand for weary hours subject to the exactions of ill-bred buyers at a counter, travel home in wet and cold, and receive from $5 to $7 a week, without any allowance for their food.

Servant is not a pleasant name, nor is obedience to command a pleasant thing, and there are both mean and selfish employers, but I have personally employed one of the prettiest girls I ever saw, notably refined and delicate, whose dainty taste and touch made her skill wonderful. She had little education and no accomplishment she knew that she had great talent cooking, she had a widowed mother w out income and a sister dying of consu tion, she had to relieve her mother o own maintenance, and she had to make a certain amount of money. She was kind without familiarity to others in the kitchen; she kept her leisure hours to herself, working much for an exchange, enjoyed her neat and comfortable room, had access to good books, and in a year earned the money she required. Her only defect as a perfect servant was that she was so attractive and delicate in appearance that she was often embarrassed by too much attention as she came and went.

Having attained her end, she returned to her home, freed from debt by her efforts, and then made preserves and delicacies which sold well. Had she been afraid of being ed a cook, she could only have great effort and exposure about by incessant toil, and had to self out of that amount, leaving han half her savings free. She ith mp- he could do and knew it was her was not afraid to live out her her own way.

MR. KYRLE BELLEW,
Who will star next season in "A Gentleman of France," under Liebler & Co.'s management.